

The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day-old Bryce Cardigan.

CHAPTER II.—At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor to Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son, as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret.

CHAPTER III.—While Bryce is at college, John Cardigan, needing with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty.

CHAPTER IV.—After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Col. Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's wealth has failed and that Col. Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes.

CHAPTER V.—In the Valley of the Giants young Cardigan finds a tree felled directly across his mother's grave. Indications are that it was cut down to secure the burl, and evidence seems to show that Pennington and his wood-boss, Jules Roudreau, are implicated in the outrage.

CHAPTER VI.—Dining with Col. Pennington and his niece, Bryce finds the room paneled with redwood burl, confirming his suspicions of Pennington's guilt in a diplomatic way, unperceived by Shirley, the two men declare war.

CHAPTER VII.—Pennington refuses to renew his logging contract with the Cardigans, believing his action means bankruptcy for the latter. Bryce forces Roudreau to confess he felled the tree in the Valley of the Giants, at Pennington's order. After punishing the man, Bryce buries him at Col. Pennington's, who, with Shirley, had witnessed the deed. Pennington is humiliated, and the girl, indignant, orders Bryce to leave her and forget their friendship. He leaves, but refuses to accept dismissal.

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to Sequoia, the train on which Shirley, her uncle, and Bryce are traveling, breaks away from the locomotive, and Bryce, who could have escaped, at the risk of his life cuts out the caboose and saves them from certain death, being painfully injured in doing so.

CHAPTER IX.—Moira McTavish, childhood friend of Bryce and employed in his office, makes Shirley's acquaintance and the two become friends. Needing money badly, John Cardigan offers to sell Pennington the Valley of the Giants, but the Colonel, confident the property must soon be his through the bankruptcy of his enemies, contemptuously refuses. Unknown to her uncle, Shirley buys the Valley and the Cardigans have a new lease of business life. They interest capital and decide on a scheme to parallel Pennington's logging railroad.

CHAPTER X.—Buchanan Ogilvy, railroad contractor and Bryce's college friend, is decided on buying the Cardigan's as the man to figure as the builder of the proposed railroad. Bryce goes to San Francisco to meet him.

(Continued)

Bryce brings his head thoughtfully. "I've been too cocksure," he muttered presently. "I shouldn't have spent that twelve thousand for rights of way until I had settled the matter of the franchise."

"Oh, I didn't buy any rights of way—yet," Ogilvy hastened to assure him. "I've only signed the land-owners up on an agreement to give or sell me a



"Two of the Five Councilmen Are for Sale."

right of way at the stipulated figures any time within one year from date. Will the city council grant you a franchise to enter the city and jump Pennington's tracks?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Buck. You'll

have to ask them—send them out. The council meets Saturday morning.

"They'll meet this evening—in the private dining room of the Hotel Sequoia, if I can arrange it," Buck Ogilvy declared emphatically. "I'm going to have them all up for dinner and talk the matter over. I know the breed from cover to cover. Following a preliminary conference, I'll let you know whether you're going to get that franchise without difficulty or whether somebody's itchy palm will have to be crossed with silver first. By the way, what do you know about your blighted old city council, anyway?"

"Two of the five councilmen are for sale; two are honest men—and one is an uncertain quantity. The mayor is a politician. I've known them all since boyhood, and if I dared come out in the open, I think that even the crooks have sentiment enough for what the Cardigans stand for in this county to decline to hold me up."

"Then why not come out in the open and save trouble and expense?"

"I am not ready to have a lot of notes called on me," Bryce replied dryly. "Neither am I desirous of having the Laguna Grande Lumber company start a riot in the redwood lumber market by cutting prices to a point where I would have to sell my lumber at a loss in order to get hold of a little ready money. I tell you, the man has me under his thumb, and the only way I can escape is to slip out when he isn't looking."

"Hum-m-m! Slimy old beggar, isn't he? I dare say he wouldn't hesitate to buy the city council to block you, would he?"

"I know he'll lie and steal. I dare say he'd corrupt a public official."

Buck Ogilvy rose and stretched himself. "I've got my work cut out for me, haven't I?" he declared with a yawn. "However, it'll be a fight worth while, and that at least will make it interesting. Well?"

Bryce pressed the buzzer on his desk, and a moment later Moira entered. "Permit me, Moira, to present Mr. Ogilvy," Mr. Ogilvy, Miss McTavish. The introduction having been acknowledged by both parties, Bryce continued: "Mr. Ogilvy will have frequent need to interview me at this office, Moira, but it is our joint desire that his visits here shall remain a profound secret to everybody with the exception of ourselves. To that end he will hereafter call at night, when this portion of the town is absolutely deserted. You have an extra key to the office, Moira. I wish you would give it to Mr. Ogilvy."

Moira inclined her dark head and withdrew. Mr. Buck Ogilvy ground. "God speed the day when you can come out from under and I'll be permitted to call during office hours," he murmured. He picked up his hat and withdrew, via the general office. Half an hour later, Bryce looked out and saw him draped over the counter, engaged in animated conversation with Moira McTavish. Before Ogilvy left, he had managed to impress Moira with a sense of the unmitigated horror of being a stranger in a strange town, forced to sit around hotel lobbies with drummers and other lost souls, and drew from Moira the assurance that it wasn't more distressing than to have to sit around a boardroom night after night watching old women tat and tattle.

This was the opening Buck Ogilvy had spurred for. Fixing Moira with his bright blue eyes, he grinned boldly and said: "Suppose, Miss McTavish, we start a league for the dispersion of gloom. You be the president, and I'll be the financial secretary."

"How would the league operate?" Moira demanded cautiously.

"Well, it might begin by giving a dinner to all the members, followed by a little motor-trip into the country next Saturday afternoon," Buck suggested.

Moira's Madonna glance approached him steadily. "I haven't known you very long, Mr. Ogilvy," she reminded him.

"Oh, I'm easy to get acquainted with," he retorted lightly. "Besides, don't I come well recommended?" He pondered for a moment. Then: "Tell you what, Miss McTavish. Suppose we put it up to Bryce Cardigan. If he says it's all right we'll pull off the

party. If he says it's all wrong, I'll go out and drown myself—and rainer



"Just Tell Me Your Home Telephone Number."

words than them has no man spoke."

"I'll think it over," said Moira. "By all means. Never decide such an important matter in a hurry. Just tell me your home telephone number, and I'll ring up at seven this evening for your decision."

Reluctantly Moira gave him the number. She was not at all prejudiced against this curly-haired stranger—in fact, she had a vague suspicion that he was a sure cure for the blues, an ailment which she suffered from all too frequently; and, moreover his voice, his respectful manner, his alert eyes, and his wonderful clothing were all rather alluring. The flutter of a great adventure was in Moira's heart and the flush of a thousand roses in her cheeks when, Buck Ogilvy having at length departed, she went into Bryce's private office to get his opinion as to the propriety of accepting the invitation. Bryce listened to her gravely as with all the sweet innocence of her years and unworthiness she laid the Ogilvy proposition before him.

"By all means accept," he counselled her. "Buck Ogilvy is one of the finest gentlemen you'll ever meet. I'll stake my reputation on him. You'll find him vastly amusing. Moira, he'd make Niobe forget her troubles, and he does know how to order a dinner."

When Moira had left him, Bryce was roused from bitter introspections by the ringing of the telephone. To his amazement Shirley Sumner was calling him!

"You're a wee bit surprised, aren't you, Mr. Cardigan?" she said teasingly. "You're wondering why I have telephoned to you?"

"No, I haven't had time. The suddenness of it has left me more or less dumb. Why do you ring up?"

"I wanted some advice. Suppose you wanted very, very much to know what two people were talking about, but found yourself in a position where you couldn't eavesdrop. What would you do?"

"I wouldn't eavesdrop," he told her severely. "That isn't a nice thing to do, and I didn't think you would contemplate anything that isn't nice."

"But I have every moral, ethical, and financial right to be a party to that conversation, only—well—"

"With you present there would be no conversation—is that it?"

"Exactly, Mr. Cardigan."

"And it is of the utmost importance that you should know what is said?"

"Yes."

"And you do not intend to use your knowledge of the conversation, when gained, for an illegal or unethical purpose?"

"I do not. On the contrary, if I am aware of what is being planned, I can prevent others from doing something illegal and unethical."

"In that event, Shirley, I should say you are quite justified in eavesdropping."

"But how can I do it? I can't hide in a closet and listen."

"Buy a dictograph and have it hidden in the room where the conversation takes place. It will record every word of it."

"Where can I buy one?"

"In San Francisco."

"Will you telephone to your San Francisco office and have them buy one for me and ship it to you, together with directions for using it?"

"Shirley, this is most extraordinary."

"I quite realize that. May I depend upon you to oblige me in this matter?"

"Certainly. But why pick on me, of all persons, to perform such a mission for you?"

"I can trust you to forget that you have performed it."

"Thank you. I think you may safely trust me. And I shall attend to the matter immediately."

"You are very kind, Mr. Cardigan. How is your dear old father?" Moira told me some time ago that he was ill."

(To be continued)

UNCLE TED'S BED TIME STORIES

Uncle Ted Continues His Story of Senator Harding

"Please tell us some more about Senator Harding," pleaded Ruth as her uncle was trying to take a few minutes to read the evening paper.

"Any uncle of yours has a fine chance to get a minute's rest!" answered Uncle Ted. "I did promise to go on with the story of the life and work of OUR NEXT PRESIDENT and I guess tonight is a good time."

"When you stopped last week," spoke up Jack, "you were telling us about Senator Harding's newspaper."

"The story of that newspaper is too long for tonight, Jack. I am going to tell you something of Mr. Harding as a business man, his travels, and the beginning of his political career. Since he became the publisher of 'The Star,' Marion, Ohio, has grown from a small country town a real city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Senator Harding has been responsible to a large extent for the growth of industry in this flourishing manufacturing city. Whenever a new industry has located there he has been one of the first men to 'boost' it and to purchase as much stock as he could to help it along. For two years or more he was on the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce and because of his business ability he has been asked to serve on the board of directors of most of the business concerns that have made Marion their home. At the present time he is a director of a bank, a director of several of the largest manufacturing concerns and a trustee of the Trinity Baptist Church. Being a member of this church he always attends its services whenever he is in the city."

"Any man, kiddies, who expects to be President of the United States must know as much as possible about the other countries of the world. Senator Harding is well fitted in this respect, having made three trips to Europe in the past ten years—not for pleasure but to study the different kinds of government and their problems. But one thing is certain, he always returned with a greater love for his own country and the firm belief that our form of government is the best ever devised in the history of the world. At a time when we are paying more than twice as much for sugar than is necessary because of the stupid way in which the sugar situation has been handled by Mr. Wilson and Attorney General Palmer, it should be interesting to your mother that the subject of sugar is nothing new to Mr. Harding. Before Mr. Harding took his seat in the United States Senate, he made a trip to the Hawaiian Islands to study at first hand the production and distribution of sugar. If he had been President last year when it was possible for the United States to buy the Cuban crop at a little over six cents a pound it is certain he would have seen to it that the crop was purchased."

"Since Mr. Harding started at the bottom of the ladder of life with little or nothing to assist him, he can readily understand and appreciate the troubles and problems which the laboring man must face. When he becomes President he will, as he has in the past, always give careful thought and attention to the problems and claims of men in every station of life. The people of almost every state in the country have heard Mr. Harding speak. And he has not limited himself to a speaking tour of certain classes of people. He has addressed, for instance, a wool growers' association, a convention of steel and iron men, a farmers' institute, an association of miners, railroad employees and groups of laborers from other branches of industry. In this way he has made himself familiar with the needs of every section of the country."

"Before I start telling you of his actual political career I want you to know of a most remarkable incident during the recent primary elections for President, held before the Republican convention gathered at Chicago. Every man who runs for any political office, large or small, feels highly complimented if he can receive a large number of the votes in his own home. When the ballots were counted after the primary election, it was found that Senator Harding had received all but two votes in the town where he spent his boyhood days, and in the city of Marion all but 165 votes, and in the county all but 238 votes. So you see that where he has grown up since boyhood, where he has gone into business and played the game fair and square the people know him to be a REAL MAN and voted for him accordingly. To prove what they think of him I am going to read to you what the president of one of Marion's largest manufacturing concerns says of him. Listen:

"To the older residents of Marion the life of Senator Harding is an open book, showing his development from young manhood to mature years; from a position of obscurity to one of prominence; from comparative poverty to reasonable affluence, and on no page of that book is there a line that his best friend could wish obliterated. In later years it has been my pleasure to serve with him on various boards of directors. His counsel and advice have always been sought and valued, and his judgment on matters of importance has been invariably sound."

"That shows what his neighbors back home think of him, and that is the way every American citizen will feel after he has taken his seat in the White House. His administration will be an open book and there will be nothing to wipe out or forget. The United States today stands in the same position she did in 1860 and again in 1896. A strong man, a man of vision and poise is needed to bring this country safely back to a government by the Constitution. Every page of the record of Mr. Harding's life shows us that he is the logical man for the job and the job will be his after the 4th day of March, 1921."

THE BLOCK DANCE

The Block Dance came perilously near being a dance in the Gymnasium. Monday morning the sun sulked behind the clouds, an occasional smile betrayed it and warmed hope in almost discouraged hearts; then it came out whole heartedly and amply justified the risk which Mr. Andrew E. Martin, president of the Community Club, took when he decided to have the dance prepared for the roadway.

The stage for Cox's Orchestra was attractively gay with our country's colors and great credit is due the hotel electrician, Mr. James Shuley, for his ingenuity and generous contribution of energetic interest manifested in the outlining and lighting of the space for the dancing. Those twelve hearty looking barrels painted red, white and blue, were effective aids to the directors and floor managers, as they supported the rope barrier, as well as being support for the lighting apparatus.

The Community Club wishes to express its debt of gratitude to Mrs. George Orvis and to Mr. Martin and his staff and to all those who so kindly and generously made material contribution to the fund greatly needed to put the club's house in order. As one of the club members remarked: "It was an outright confession of need when our brave young women members went about collecting, and do let us hope that now that we have realized over two hundred dollars to start our housekeeping we will be able to be self-supporting in future." That sentiment was echoed by other members and the resolution made to make future entertainments free from "special appeals."

The oldest of Manchester's residents cannot remember the village so thronged with people as it was Monday night at the Block Dance, and the most critical must have commented favorably upon the kind and hearty zest of the guests who attended. We thank everybody.

THE COMMUNITY CLUB.

CAMP ABNAKI NOW OPEN

Camp Abnaki has opened its 20th season with a large group of boys, there being well over a hundred in camp and many arriving every day. The advance party went to camp on June 8th to open up the buildings, get things unpacked, tents up and everything ready for the coming of the first group of boys on the 21st. The new double deck beds were set up for the first time and they are proving a very good addition to the camp. The large new range in the kitchen is making that part of the camp better prepared to take care of a most important side of a boy's life. The boys are getting into things from the first and are busy planning ball, tennis, swimming, boating, fishing and working on the numerous tests for their emblems and banners.

The first Sunday service was held in the outdoor chapel and Chaplain Head of Fort Ethan Allen, was the preacher. He gave a very interesting talk which was much enjoyed by the boys. Many visitors have already called at the camp. On June 23rd Dan Beard, the famous scout, spent a few hours with the boys and gave them many new ideas about woodcraft and outdoor life. On the same day the graduating class of the Springfield High School, 28 in all, also visited the camp. Lewis W. Dunn, of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., New York, spent a couple of days in

camp and gave the boys a fine talk in chapel one morning and at an evening camp fire related his experiences with the prisoners of war in Germany. E. H. Booth of the Burlington Trust Company, was also among the campers for four or five days. Hikes have also started and a large group went to Block House Point, stayed over night in the open, cooked their own meals, and returned to camp the following day. The editors of the Almanac Herald have been elected and the editions are now being regularly read at Monday evening campfire. The baseball committee is getting the teams into shape and arranging for games with other camps. Aeroplanes are becoming a common sight, as they were last year, and can often be seen and heard as they pass up and down the lake.

WORK HARD—SAVE

Urging upon bankers, particularly employees of the banks who come most closely into personal contact with the general public, the necessity of encouraging saving along systematic lines and for discouraging ill-advised spending, the National Convention of the American Institute of Banking in Boston—the largest ever held by the organization—adopted the following resolution:

"The world is facing courageously the period of reconstruction and readjustment. In our economic, political and financial life, we are confronted by great and grave problems. Radicalism is rampant. Labor is restless. Prices are increasing. Production is slothful. Thrift is waning. Money rates are high. The call today is to strong men—men of courage and conviction—men of broad vision, keen intellect and sound judgment."

"Education of the individual offers a solution of these problems and education is the basic principle of our Institute. Increasing its scope each year, the value and efficiency of our educational program is manifested by the augmented number of certificate holders and by the promotion of Institute graduates to executive positions of trust and responsibility."

"As bank officers and employees, and as members of the American Institute of Banking, we can do much toward the solution of these perplexing problems, and we know that all delegates to this convention will return to their homes and financial institutions deeply impressed with the magnitude of these problems and determined that individually and collectively each will do his or her part in their solution."

"We pledge our services to the continued promulgation of Thrift, and we heartily endorse all movements having this objective."

ANNUAL VILLAGE MEETING

The annual meeting of Manchester Village was held on Tuesday evening at the Court House, with a smaller attendance than was expected, in view of the changed date for holding the meeting, only about 40 voters taking advantage of their privilege as voters.

The following were chosen as the officials for the village for the ensuing year: E. H. Hemenway, president; Edward Griffith, clerk, treasurer and tax collector; Albert Smith, chief engineer, A. E. Moffat, 1st assistant, C. C. Kinney, 2d assistant, David Vetal, 3d assistant and C. L. Towsley, 4th assistant; auditors, W. B. Edgerton, H. Eggleston and O. G. Felt.

For trustees G. L. Towsley was opposed by M. L. Pettibone and on a ballot Mr. Pettibone was chosen, having 18 votes to 16 for Mr. Towsley. H. C. Beebe was re-elected.

It was voted to raise a tax of 60c on a dollar which will raise a sufficient amount to carry over the spring's work and then a 90c tax was laid for the purpose of retiring the indebtedness for the new road.

MANCHESTER'S 4TH OF JULY

The main event in this village in the celebration of the Fourth of July was the festivities on the evening of the 5th in connection with the Block Party. This entertainment was a unique affair for Manchester and was a very pretty spectacle and a success financially and in every other way. There was not a discordant sound in the whole performance and everything was carried out as planned. The committee in charge of this affair are entitled to great credit for the unselfish efforts put into it while the general public receive the thanks of the community for the liberal response. The expenses of the evening were very materially reduced by the action of the Equinox House in caring for the orchestra, erecting the stand for the musicians, etc. Was everybody happy? They were!